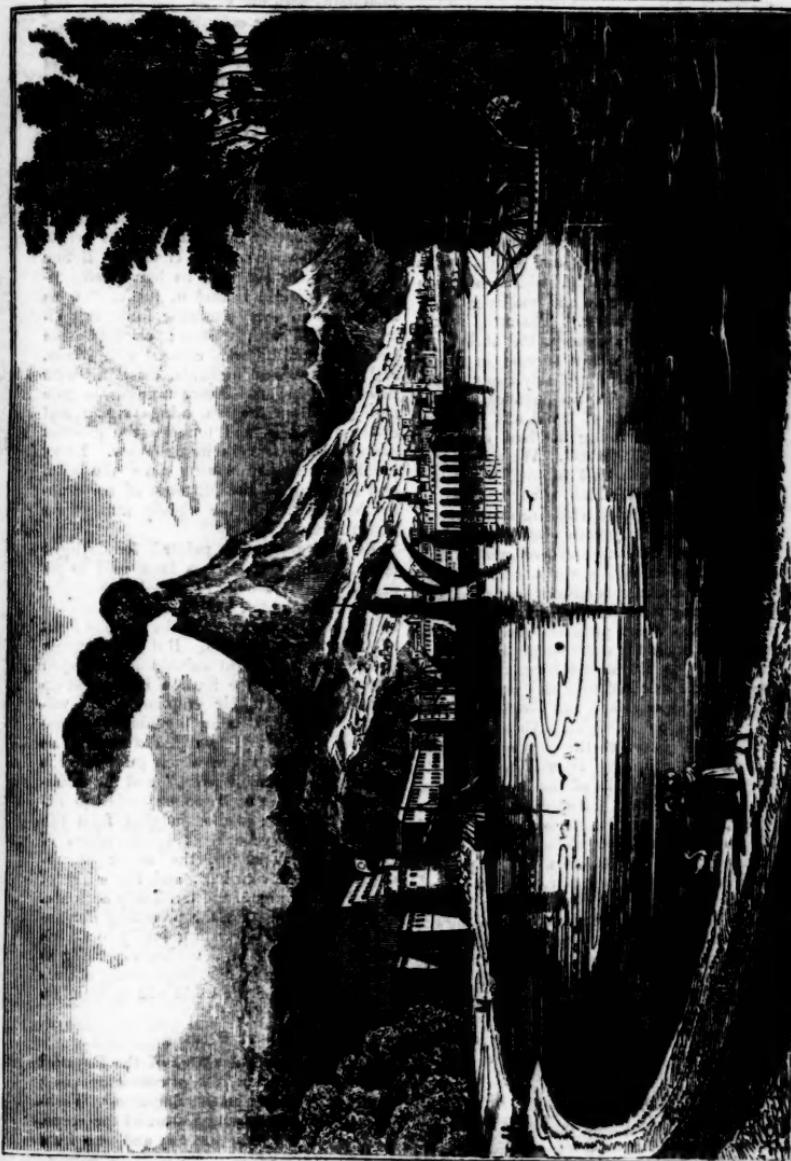


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REPRESENTATION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, AT "THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

AL-FRESCO PAINTING OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE active *entrepreneurs* at "the Surrey Zoological Gardens" have lately provided for their visitors an exhibition of striking character, which bids fair to people this picturesque domain for the remainder of the season. Taking advantage of the ornamental lake, at its extremity, the proprietors, with judicious artistical aid, have *constructed* a scenic representation of Mount Vesuvius, with the town and fort of Posilipo, at its base, the lake forming a miniature "Bay of Naples." We use the term "constructed," for the painting is what in stage technicals, is called a set scene: it is not a mere painted flat, but consists of pieces arranged with admirable effect of light and shade, and a near approach to reality, which is much assisted by the batteries and buildings being actually set in the water. The artist is Mr. Danson, many years scene-painter at Astley's Amphitheatre, of whose success in scenic effect our readers have probably many agreeable recollections. In this instance, he has covered a vast extent of board and canvas, the whole surface being not less, as we are informed, than 25,000 feet. We are pleased to add our unqualified admiration of his present production, which, to say the least of it, is one of the most effective scenic representations on a large scale ever produced in this country. Although of such great extent, the painting is not, however, coarsely executed; the drawing is cleverly managed, and the colouring is so *kept under** as to possess a naturalness which preserves the identity of mimic art with the sober scenery of Nature around it. In the centre rises, in frowning majesty, the scorched cone of Vesuvius, with Mont Somma on its left, and Mont St. Michel Arc Angelo on its right. About the base and several plains of the volcano, the luxuriance of the foliage is well represented: beneath are the details of the town Posilipo, of equal merit; next leftward, are the Lighthouse, Mole, and Batteries, with Castel Nuovo and its impregnable heights — the massive architecture of all which is painted with bold and, consequently, effective relief. In sunny weather, these buildings throw their shadows upon the glassy lake, along the bosom of which are floating feluccas, fishing-boats, and "other varieties of the picturesque craft for which the Mediterranean is so famous;" while a miniature British frigate lies at anchor.

Although the picture before us comprehends but a small portion of the Bay of Naples, it forcibly reminds us of the delights of the whole scene, as thus graphically

* A desirable character in scene-painting, in which we have ever thought the Grievs, originally of Covent Garden Theatre, to have excelled their brother artists.

told by Eustace:—"Naples, seated in the bosom of a capacious haven, spreads her greatness and her population along its shore, and covers its shelving coasts and bordering mountains with her villas, her gardens, and her retreats. Her suburbs stretch in a magnificent sweep from Portici to the promontory of Miseno, and fill a spacious line of sixteen miles along the shore with life and activity. From her situation and superb shore, she may justly be considered as the Queen of the Mediterranean." — Again: "Few cities stand in less need of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples; had it even fewer artificial recommendations, it would still be a most desirable residence. So beautiful is its neighbourhood! so delicious its climate! Before it, spreads the sea with its bay, promontories, and islands; behind it, rise mountains and rocks in every fantastic form, and always clothed with verdure; on each side swell hills and hillocks, covered with groves, and gardens, and orchards, blooming with fruits and flowers. Every morning, a gale springing from the sea, brings vigour and coolness with it, and tempers the greatest heats of summer with its freshness. Every evening, a breeze blowing from the hills, and sweeping all the perfumes of the country before it, fills the nightly atmosphere with fragrance."[†]

As this picture is painted for 'daylight effect,' more attention has been paid to its details than is usually bestowed on ordinary scenes for a theatre, the effects of which are heightened to perfection by the brilliant light of gas in every direction. But the Vesuvius is not only a daylight exhibition; for upon stated occasions, the illusion is wrought up to reality, by a mimic eruption of the volcano at dusk: this is an ingenious performance of pyrotechny, (*un feu d'artifice*, as the French call it,) in which gunpowder is made to "play many parts," and the multi-coloured varieties of flame are turned to excellent account; while, judging from the many minute accounts of eye-witnesses of eruptions of Vesuvius, the minor phenomena are well contrived, and the effect of the whole is unique, and terrifically accurate.

In connexion with the preceding illustration, it may be interesting briefly to sketch an outline history of Vesuvius, especially as little more than a few fragmentary notices of this wonder of the world will be found in our preceding volumes.

VESUVIUS.

Such is an outline sketch of the Bay and the city, with its suburbs, of course including that portion shown in the Engraving. Vesuvius, the more imposing feature of the scene, is three leagues from the city and one from

[†] Classical Tour, vol. ii. p. 363.

the sea, and rises in a gentle swell from the shore. It is bounded by the two mountains of Somma and Ottajano, which have one common base. Its perpendicular height is 573 feet, and the circumference of the three mountains at the base is thirty miles.

The first part, or base, of the mountain is covered with towns on all sides, as Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annontiato, on the sea-coast; and Ottajano, Somma, Massa, &c., on the inland side. These are all large towns, and with the villages and seats that encircle them, and extend over the second region of the mountain, may be said to cover the lower parts of it with fertility, beauty, and population. The upper tract is a scene of devastation, furrowed on all sides with rivers of lava extended in wide, black lines over the surface. The summit has the shape of a truncated cone.

It seems probable, from various considerations, that this cone is of comparatively recent origin. It stands within a circular volcanic ridge, called Somma, broken away to the south, where there is still a projection, apparently marking the continuation of the ridge. The most experienced observers agree that this line is the remains of an ancient volcano, much larger than the existing one; if this be fact, the cone was, probably, thrown up in the first recorded eruption, in the year 79, or at some later period. This eruption happened on the 4th of August, when the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were entirely buried under the cinders and other volcanic matter, and Pliny the naturalist, in approaching too near the crater, lost his life.* In this eruption, "the dust reached Africa, Syria, and Egypt, filled the air above Rome, and overclouded the sun; which caused much fear for many days, men neither knowing nor being able to conjecture what had happened. But they thought that everything was to be thrown into confusion, the sun to fall extinguished to the earth, the earth to rise to the sky. At the same time, however, these ashes did them no harm, but subsequently, they produced a pestilential disease."†

It does not appear that any lava flowed from Vesuvius; the ejected matter consisting of rocks, pumice, and ashes, which seem, from the operations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, to have been partially changed into liquid mud by torrents of rain. Being reawakened, the volcano continued in pretty constant activity; and, from this year until the commencement of the third century, eruptions were continually recurring. An eruption in the year 472 was so terrific that even the inhabitants of Constantinople were alarmed. Other eruptions are mentioned in

* Classical Tour, p. 364.

† Dion Cassius, lib. xvi. For further details of this eruption, see Mirror, vol. i. p. 65.

the fifth and sixth centuries. Procopius, who died about the middle of the sixth century, speaks of the mountain emitting rivers of fire.

The first stream of lava of which we have authentic record, broke out in the year 1036, during the seventh eruption from the resuscitation of the volcano. Another eruption occurred in 1049, another in 1138 or 9; after which there was a pause of 168 years, till 1306. From this year, to 1631, there was a cessation, except one slight eruption in 1500. During this long pause, a remarkable event occurred in another part of the Phlegrean fields. In little more than twenty-four hours, a new hill, called Monte Nuovo, was thrown up to the height of 440 feet above the level of the sea, its base being nearly a mile and a half in circumference. It stands partly on the site of the Lucrine lake, which has now dwindled into a shallow pool.

A brief period of repose followed the eruption of 1631, but it lasted only till 1666; from which time to the present, there has been a series of eruptions, at intervals, rarely exceeding ten years, generally recurring much more frequently. Those of 1776 and 1777 are more than commonly celebrated, from having been described at large by an eye-witness, Sir William Hamilton, in his splendid work, entitled *Campi Phlegrei*. The eruption of 1779 was also described by him, and is remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of its phenomena. Lava mixed with stones and ashes were shot up to a height of 2,000 feet; and a column of fire rose 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles high.

Another remarkable eruption occurred in 1799; and one equally violent in 1793, when millions of red-hot stones were shot in the air full half the height of the cone itself. In 1794, another eruption destroyed the town of Torre del Greco. In 1818, there was a slight eruption. In November, 1819, and in October, 1822, also, violent eruptions took place, and the surrounding country was covered with ashes, in some places, four or five feet in depth.

A stream of lava began to flow from Vesuvius on the evening of Christmas Day, 1831, and continued for some days. An eye-witness writes to the *Literary Gazette*: "It seemed almost as if we had approached 10° nearer to the equator: till Christmas we have had by night 8°, and by day from 12° to 14° Reaumur of heat. With much surprise, we saw the acacias in the villa, which had scarcely lost their leaves, put forth new ones. It is now rather more wintry, if a temperature of 6° or 7° of heat can be called winter."

In 1832, Vesuvius commenced active eruption almost with the year. Mr. T. J. Towne

‡ Described in the Mirror, vol. ii.

visited the top of the cone in February, and ascended to the mouth of the crater, while tremendous volleys of red hot stones were projected several hundred feet into the air. He saw at some distance from the crater itself, a stream of hot lava, which had but commenced that morning; it moved slowly, near the source, at the rate of a mile an hour. In the evening, the explosions and volleys of red hot stones were greater than during the day, some of the masses being many feet in diameter. Mr. Torrie has communicated these and other interesting facts connected with this eruption, to Professor Jameson's *Journal*, No. 24.

A more terrific eruption, the greatest that had taken place for several years, was that in July. On the night of the 23rd, small crater was formed in the interior of the large one, and an emission of fluid volcanic substances ensued, which were projected upwards. Flames, showers of stones, and shocks, continued till the 29th, when the eruptions became more violent. In five days the crater was filled to the height of 250 ft., and thirteen different streams of lava issued from the interior. In the interior of the old crater are fissures from thirty to forty feet in breadth, the edges of which, formed of the substances emitted, are cone-shaped, each about sixteen feet high; and three ponds of lava, each of about 150 ft. in circumference. A cleft, about 500 ft. broad, has also been made in the crater. The accounts up to the 7th of August state, that the quantity of the substance then cast up was so great as to raise the edge of the old crater sixty feet higher than it was before; and the mountain continued almost without intermission to emit flames which rose to the height of a mile and a half, or above 3,000 ft. The convulsions of the mountain became more frequent and more violent; and the stones thrown up were larger, harder, and in greater numbers than before. The lava, which at first flowed slowly, afterwards, when it became thirty-six feet broad, and more fluid, increased its velocity so much, that it flowed twenty-two feet a minute. The *pino*, that is the column of smoke, rose sometimes to the height of two miles, and electric flashes, like lightning, were frequently observed in it.

In 1834, Vesuvius was twice in eruption. On July 18, two new and small craters, which had formed on the sides of the larger ones, sent forth volumes of ashes and stones. In the evening, after a tremendous earthquake among the mountains, four discharges of lava took place from the old crater in front of the *Torre del Greco*. This was followed by immense columns of smoke and fire, which enveloped the whole country in impenetrable darkness. On the 19th three new streams broke out of the old crater, while the former ones continued to pour forth their liquid torrents for a mile in length. In the old crater,

two canals were formed from which volcanic matter poured like water. At seven in the evening, the lava ceased to flow, but immense discharges of ashes, fire, and stones continued. On the 20th, columns of smoke darkened the air all around; towards midnight, after an interval of repose, the lava again burst forth from fourteen openings; and, amidst terrific roars, immense masses of fire-stones and water were ejected. On the 21st, these phenomena had almost ceased; but in the afternoon, there were eight new discharges of lava, and in the evening, part of the edge of the larger crater fell in, widening the orifice nearly 200 ft. By the 23rd, all was again tranquil.

The second eruption took place on Aug. 23. It was, in its outset, accompanied by a frightful tempest, which laid the northern parts of Italy desolate, and spread throughout France, Germany, and other parts of the Continent; and, on the 23rd, shocks of an earthquake were felt in Chichester, and places adjacent. The eruption appeared to subside on the 25th; but, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th, new craters were opened. The first explosion destroyed the great cone on the top of the mountain; and torrents of lava flowed from the new crater in the plain, which it made like a sea of fire, overwhelming 800 houses, palaces, and other buildings, and 300 acres of cultivated land. These details are from the *Printing Machine*, No. 19.—Another account, in the *Atlas*, Jan. 31, describes the scene as an immense body of liquid fire, silently yet rapidly advancing, bringing down groves of poplars, encircled by clustering vines laden with fruit. The stream of lava is computed at a mile and a half broad, its extent from the crater nine miles, and its depth thirty feet, sometimes flowing at the rate of twenty feet in eleven minutes, at once over the roofs of houses, entering the doors and windows till the whole were buried, the roofs first crashing in. The heat was too intense to stand for a moment within a few feet of the advancing lava. The inhabitants, however, had time to save all movables; and for a distance of some miles from the course of the lava, the houses had been prepared for destruction, even to the removal of doors and windows. Only one life was lost—a man, unable to witness the destruction of the trees he had planted and fostered, in despair, threw himself into the lava. The old crater fell in, and continued for a week smoking and throwing out ashes, so as to darken the neighbourhood; and their dust fell at twelve miles' distance. During one night, the cinders fell over Naples and nothing could have saved the city, had the lava taken that direction. In consequence of the drying up of the springs, an outburst had been expected; but no one had calculated on an eruption more terrible than any of which the modern history of the mountain affords an example.

On March 13, 1836, an eruption of Vesuvius took place, when a new crater suddenly opened, and discharged a quantity of stones, &c., amid volumes of smoke. Next day the bottom of this new gulf presented many coloured fires and noises; smoke and flames also issued from the old crater.*

A flame continually issues from the crater of Vesuvius; but its appearance so often changes, that it is scarcely possible to describe it. Between the end of the 18th century and the year 1822, the crater of Vesuvius had been gradually filled by the boiling up of lava, and the crumbling down of the upper part of the cone. In place, therefore, of a regular cavity, was a rough and rocky surface covered with blocks of lava and scoria. But this state of things was totally changed by the eruption of October, 1822, when the whole accumulated mass within the crater, together with a large part of the cone itself, was blown out, so as to leave an irregular gulf about three miles in circumference, when measured along the winding edge of its margin, but somewhat less than three-quarters of a mile in its largest diameter. The depth has been variously estimated, from 2,000 feet to less than half that quantity. More than eight hundred feet of the cone was carried away during the eruption, so that the mountain was reduced in height from about 4,200 to 3,400 feet.†

Three different roads lead to the summit of Mount Vesuvius; but, that by Portici occupies least time, it being accomplished in two hours and a half. It is customary only to ascend about one-third of the mountain upon horses, mules, or donkeys. The guides then present to the travellers girdles, which are attached to their own backs, and which the latter fasten round them, and in this way proceed towards the summit. In one part of the ascent is a very steep hill about 600 yards high, which will occupy nearly an hour, as the ground is covered with sand and ashes, which roll over the tourist's path, destroying the soles of his shoes, and burning his feet, if he is compelled to walk on the fresh lava. When the volcano is tranquil, the cone may be descended to the depth of about 100 ft.: indeed this hazardous descent was made in 1801, by eight Frenchmen, and has since been accomplished by many other persons.

Of interest associated with every representation of the terrific phenomena of Vesuvius are the following few passages of stirring eloquence and descriptive accuracy, (the details being derived from historical sources,) from the account of the vast eruption which overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in Mr. Bulwer's splendid novel:‡

* Literary Gazette, No. 690.

† Pompeii, (Library of Entertaining Knowledge,) vol. i. p. 29.

‡ The Last Days of Pompeii.

"A vast vapour shot from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness,—the branches, fire;—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!" * * * * *

"Then there rose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower!" * * * * *

"Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen,—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!" * * * * *

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—V.

In pursuance of our promise at page 33 of the present volume, we resume from page 258 of the *Mirror*, vol. xxix.

By June, 1836, the Tunnel had been advanced to upwards of 640 feet.||

On September 7, 1836, the Directors reported to the Proprietors the substance of Mr. Brunel's weekly reports. From these we gather that the New Shield had fully answered its purpose, and had enabled the work to proceed through some portions of the ground in almost a fluid state. It proved greatly superior to the old one, the resistance against which it had to exert its power being computed at about 300 tons vertical and

¶ Pliny.

|| Instead of 240 feet, as erroneously stated at the above-mentioned page.

lateral pressure. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the excavation which it enabled the miners to carry on through ground of the consistency previously described, and which it preserved until the brickwork was completed, when it is known that the whole area of the ground is equal to 2,000 superficial feet, over the whole of which vents were opened for the infiltration of water both from the river and land-springs, which latter were found most copious, and sometimes a source of considerable alarm and difficulty. The total area from over which such vents were opened, and through which infiltration took place, exceeded 75,000 superficial feet. The Reservoirs and Drains had, under the largest influx of water given facilities to the progress of the miners unknown before.

The Report goes on to state:—" Since the annual meeting, sixty feet of brickwork have been completed which, added to the ten feet (always occupied by the shield) excavated, make a total of 670 feet, notwithstanding the difficulties which had to be encountered on the resumption of the works, which have been already alluded to in a former part of this Report. As the tunnel approaches the opposite shore, the difficulties of the undertaking will decrease. The thickening of the crust of earth, or the bed of the river over the head of the miners, will render the more rapid advance of the shield perfectly practicable; and as the works will then be carried on under shallower water, they will be less influenced by the tides."

In a Report made on the 24th of August to the Directors, Mr. Brunel says, " Contrasting our present state, however, with almost the whole course of June last, it will be seen that we have gained considerably in every respect. On many occasions in June we were obliged to block up and timber the top boxes, and even to suspend our proceedings until we could approach, as it were, the top polings and probe the ground; but since and from the auxiliary means which I adopted on the 2nd of July, and made an application of on that day, not one single instance is recorded of the boxes being blocked up, or of ground breaking in; on the contrary, the ground which could not be worked before, and wherein a pricker entered seven feet ahead, was worked with perfect security. We may anticipate that we shall gradually improve in progress." The auxiliary means alluded to in the foregoing Report, and which can only be generally described, consist of a system of pinning and isolating a portion of ground, which is then removed without disturbing the contiguous portion from which it is taken, and which has enabled the work of excavation to proceed under the most formidable circumstances. This system, combined with a mode now

adopted of at once conveying away the land-springs and directing their course to the reservoirs, instead of attempting to stop their influx, has enabled the miners to proceed where difficulties have appeared at first almost insuperable.

Towards the close of last year, and at the commencement of the present, the works appear to have been much retarded. On Jan. 25, 1837, Mr. Brunel in laying before the Directors the progress of the Tunnel since his previous report of December 7, 1836, (the extent of which was 9 ft. 3 in., thereby making the total length 729 ft. 3 in.) explained the circumstances which had retarded the operations: the water from the land-springs which had previously saturated the ground over the shield, had been so greatly increased by the unprecedented rains, that it had penetrated the strata in the upper part of the excavation, and, accumulating in advance of the poling-boards, had run into the shields at intervals with great violence, breaking up and carrying with it the natural ground, which, at this point, consisted chiefly of sand. Under these circumstances, Mr. Brunel provided for the influx of the sand by inserting pipes in the face of the work, and thus produced a depression of the superstratum of clay forming the bed of the river; this came down, and occupied the place of the sand, followed by the covering of the clay, in bags, and of gravel, previously deposited over the bed of the river; the formation of this covering having been made and regularly continued during the progress. The difficulties which Mr. Brunel had thus encountered, while they lessened the rate of progress, and, consequently, increased the proportionate expense, however, permitted the reduction of the establishment of workmen, in order to meet, as far as possible, this extra cost.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors on March 7, last, the chairman, Mr. B. Hawes, stated that in a short period, the Tunnel would be carried below low-water mark, and then much greater progress would be made. The progress made since the resumption of the works was 135 feet.

The statement of the accounts of the Company for the last half-year was read, from which it appeared that a sum of 20,000*l.* had been received from Government; that the expense in salaries, works, &c., had been about 2,200*l.*, and the receipts from visitors in the last half-year had been 985*l.* 17*s.* The total amount received in Exchequer Bills from the Exchequer Bill Loan Commissioners was stated to be 65,000*l.* On April 5, this sum being exceeded by the expenditure, it became necessary for the Company to apply for a further advance of Exchequer Bills, when statements of the debts and expenditure of the Company were

laid before the Commissioners, with Mr. Brunel's report stating the length of the Tunnel completed to April 5, to be 736 ft. 5 in., this slow progress being attributed to the same causes as those referred to in the January report, viz. the runs of sand, breaking up of the ground, and settlement of the bed of the river having required every exertion to continue the advance of the shield.

In reply to the above application for further advance of funds, the Commissioners directed Mr. Walker (the eminent engineer, who is now directing the repair of Blackfriars' Bridge,) again to survey the Thames Tunnel, to report upon the state, progress, and future prospects of the works, and estimate the sum for which they might be completed. Of this report the following is the substance.*

"From the time of my former survey, in June, 1836, up to February 25, 1837, being a period of 34 weeks, 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length of the Tunnel had been done in a apparently a substantial manner; this is at the rate of two feet and a half per week.

"The expenditure during the above period was 34,621*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, of which 2,800*l.* was the balance of the contract for the new shield, leaving the expense of the above length 31,821*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*,† which is very nearly 368*l.* per foot for the work done from June, 1836, up to February 25, 1837.

"On the 27th of February last, a sinking took place in the bed of the river, owing to a run of silt into the Tunnel. This was not, as in former cases, accompanied by an increase of water, which is so far favourable; but the ground in front of the upper divisions of the shield being gravelly and loose, very great caution has since been necessary, and has been adopted. The length done during the last seven weeks has thus been only about 3 ft. 6 in., and the expenditure in the same time has been nearly 3,300*l.*;‡ but a considerable part of this has been spent in throwing clay and gravel into the river, to supply the place of what had run in, in clearing the silt and sand out of the Tunnel, and in forming the culvert; so that for two weeks no attempt to advance was made. About a week since, another but smaller run of silt took place, proving the necessity of the great care and caution yet required, although the engineers consider that the ground has somewhat improved and the water lessened during the last three weeks.

"The above lengths have been in the

* From a Return to an Order of the House of Commons, dated June 15, 1837.

† The amount expended out of the Treasury grant previous to this was 29,518*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, making a total of 61,339*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* since the works were resumed in January, 1835.

‡ The expenditure from the Treasury grant, including the 3,300*l.* referred to as expended in the last seven weeks, is 64,640*l.*

deepest and I hope worst part of the river; but the strata cannot safely be calculated as much improving (when compared with the average of the last 90 feet) until the bed of the river begins to rise, which is a distance of only about 132 feet, and to this point the bed is nearly level; thence to low water is 103 feet, and from low water to the shaft at Wapping is 325 feet, making the length to be done to the shaft 560 feet; the length done from the Rotherhithe shaft is 725 feet.

"Calculating from the above data, and presuming that the very bad ground which is met with at present will not continue to such a length as to require much more addition to the recent extraordinary outlay, together with an allowance for the reductions that may be fairly expected after the first 132 feet are done, I think the amount required to complete the Tunnel should not be estimated under 140,000*l.* nor the time under two years and a half.

"Mr. Brunel has furnished me with some general drawings and his estimates for the shafts. Having considered these, my opinion is, that a sum of at least 170,000*l.* (including the purchases of premises) will be required for them and contingent works, making, with the 140,000*l.* already stated, the sum of 310,000*l.*; and this, added to the 64,600*l.* already expended, make a total of 374,600*l.* Should the ground improve soon, with less water, the sum may be found in excess; if otherwise, the reverse. Experience has proved that a liberal allowance should be made to any estimate of so difficult a work. The estimate stated in Lord Althorp's letter to the Duke of Wellington (dated 8th of April, 1829), was 300,000*l.*, which included an addition to Mr. Brunel's estimate."

Anecdote Gallerp.

CELEBRATED PAINTERS AND PICTURES.

(From Allan Cunningham's Cabinet Gallery.)

Ostade the Painter and Crabbe the Poet.

Ostade seemed more anxious to lower nature than elevate her, and might be compared in painting to Crabbe in verse, were it not that he is no depitor of utter misery and wretchedness; his rustics are ragged reprobates indeed, but then they are jolly fellows, prodigal of laughter, fond of clinking the gin-stoup and the ale-can, and, moreover, quite ready to pull their long knives out from the wide sleeves of their jackets and deal a blow or two when warmed with drink and contradiction. He paints human nature low enough, but he knew it better than to represent it unhappy; on the contrary, he perceived that happiness was pretty equally diffused; he therefore dipt his brush in

pleasing colours, and gave us men reeling in their cups,

" O'er all the ills of life victorious."

Character of the Paintings of Cuy.

The paintings of Cuy are almost as refreshing to the eye as the natural scenes which they represent. In this he is equalled by few; his water all but runs, his grass all but grows, and his suns all but shine. He was a great master of harmony, nor is this more observable in his handling than in his conceptions: he disliked violence, and accomplished all he desired through the graceful, the lovely, and the serene. The commonest subject became in his hands poetical. * * * We never think as we look on Cuy's cows of the milk they will yield, nor what price his horses will bring in the market; there is a poetic atmosphere about the picture which raises us above that. * * * To his horses he has given the fire and impetuosity which belong to their nature; to his cattle, that meekness and repose peculiar to their character, and shed over the whole a harmonious glow and exquisite grace. His studies were all from nature; in her he laid the foundation of all his compositions, and through her acquired all his fame.

Michael Angelo and Reynolds.

When the admirers of Reynolds talk of his equality with Michael Angelo, (and this has been done by Northcote, Lawrence, and others), the Tragic Muse is one of the pictures which instance as an example. That the eminent Englishman had singular breadth of style and great force of colouring all must acknowledge, but he wanted that strength of imagination which lifts the illustrious Florentine so high into the regions of poetry. The conceptions of Reynolds are almost exclusively allied to portraiture, and when we look on the noblest of his men and loveliest of his women, we never regard them as other than creatures of flesh and blood, with whom we may converse and associate. The creations of Michael Angelo are of another order; his men and women seem to belong to a higher race of beings than the present inhabitants of the earth; they have the lineaments of the gods, and looks, which belong to Olympus.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Boyhood.

When Lawrence was but ten years old his name had flown over the kingdom; he had read scenes from Shakspeare in a way that called forth the praise of Garriek, and drawn faces and figures with such skill as had obtained the approbation of Prince Hoare; his father, desirous of making the most of his talents, carried him to Oxford, where he was patronized by heads of colleges and noblemen of taste, and produced a number of portraits,

wonderful in one so young and uninstructed. Money now came in; he went to Bath, hired a house, raised his price from one guinea to two; his Mrs. Siddons, as Zara, was engraved —Sir Henry Harpur desired to adopt him as his son—Prince Hoare saw something so angelic in his face, that he proposed to paint him in the character of Christ—and the artists of London heard with wonder of a boy who was rivaling their best efforts with the pencil, and realizing, as was imagined, a fortune.

Advice to Landscape Painters.

Our artists should study in the manner of Paul Potter; he refused to take the attitudes and character of his animals from paintings however beautiful; nor did he dash a picture hastily or carelessly off, however much it was wanted; all with him is the offspring of study, yet all is nature. The exquisite skill and ability of his finish has been objected to, but the error is so rare that it almost amounts to a virtue. In truth, nature finishes all her works with a patient and cunning hand; the flowers of the fields, the leaves of the trees, the shells on the sea-shore, are all created with a precision and beauty beyond the imitation of man. Those, however, who desire to approach her with the pencil must consider her earnestly; they will see no imperfect development of parts; no want of harmony in her hues, and none of those hard, rigid, and coarse lines, which deform so many modern landscapes.

The Composition of Colours the study of Old Masters.

Rembrandt seems to have had a secret in the composition of his colours which no one has inherited; in the days of Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, painters studied their colours as much as they did their compositions; they made frequent experiments, and to this much of the unattainable lustre of their pictures must be owing. On the contrary, the artists of this age allow other hands to prepare their colours; or, when they condescend to do it themselves, they refuse to bestow the study upon them which the applause bestowed upon mere force of colours shows to be quite necessary. Colour-making is now a trade by itself, and the splendour of our pictures is diminished.

PATRONAGE OF ART.

ALREADY have the artists shared in the distribution of honours by her Majesty: Calcott the painter, Westmacott the sculptor, Cockerell the architect, and Newton the miniature limner, (I) have been knighted; and the like distinction was proffered to Edwin Landseer, who, however, declined it.—*Spectator.*

Manners and Customs.

FEMALE HEAD-DRess IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 89.)

OUR next illustration is another from the tapestry in the possession of Mr. Repton of the reign of Henry VIII., showing the jewelled lappets, necklace, and waistband.



(Head-dress from Tapestry, temp. Henry VIII.)

Sometimes, however, the lappets, instead of hanging down on each side of the face, were made to turn up, as in this figure.



(Head-dress from Hedingham Church.)

The head-dresses during the reigns of Henry VII. and the early part of Henry VIII., as seen in many portraits of those periods, appear to have been formed by four straight lines, the uppermost being like the flat gable of a roof. The head-dresses of Anne Boleyn and Lady Surrey were formed by two rows of beads.

The Naturalist.

ON THE POLICE OF NATURE.—BY CHRISTOPHER DANIEL WILCKE.

(Translated and abridged by James H. Fennell.)

If the many thousand species of vegetals grew together in one and the same place, some would infallibly predominate over and extirpate others: hence, their wise Creator has distributed them separately in different parts of the world, some being natives of India, some of the temperate zone, and others of the polar circle. In every country, different species have different stations assigned them, growing in the sea, lakes, marshes, valleys, fields, hills, rocks, and shady places; and every one has its different soil, sand, clay, earth, or chalk, allotted to it. Sweden, for example, produces about 1,300 different species of plants: these being each confined to their proper stations, there are seldom above 50 or 100 to be found in a given place, whence no one plant can totally exclude another. Every plant flourishes best in its own station, and if it intrude into another it is choked up by the native species, and becoming unhealthy is at last totally devoured by the plant-lice (*Aphides*) and other insects. And that these 100 species may be the less liable to oppress one other, some of them have their time of flowering in the spring, some in the autumn, and others in the winter.

Nature seems to have established a subordination and a police in her several tribes. Among plants we may consider the *mosses* as the poor, laborious *peasants*, occupying the most barren tracts of the earth, which they cover and mollify, and protecting the roots of other plants from the too severe heat of the sun, or the too intense rigour of the frost. Those infertile tracts are allotted to them which their fellow citizens do not think worth occupying.

The *grasses* are the *yeomanry* of the vegetals; they cover the greatest part of the earth's surface, and the more they are trodden under foot and oppressed, the more they extend their roots and endeavour to increase: their multitude forms the strength of the state.

Herbs may be regarded as the *gentry*; their luxuriant foliage, their splendid and beautiful flowers, their smell, taste, and figure, give a kind of dignity to the vegetal community.

Trees are to be considered the *nobility* of the state; they are deeply rooted, and raise their heads above their fellow-citizens, and protect them from storms, heat, and cold. There are likewise some classes of vegetals which have a sort of chartered rights granted them by nature, a sort of exclusive privilege in their station that no other plants can forcibly enter upon them, or if they do, they

easily expel the invaders: thus, the lesser celandine (*Ranunculus ficaria*), the ramson (*Allium ursinum*), and the broad-leaved ragwort (*Senecio saracenicus*), maintain their situation under the lower shrubs, and exclude all other plants; the meadow oat-grass (*Avena pratensis*), when it gets a footing among the juniper, totally banishes it; the heath (*Erica*) will never approach to the beech-tree nearer than the extent of its boughs. Some plants have quite a military appearance, being armed with spines, thorns, and hooks:—as the thistle, the furze, the barberry, (*Berberis*), and numerous others, to protect the herbs which grow under them from cattle; and some are nursed by other vegetals, being unable to subsist or to flourish vigorously upon the earth, as the mistletoe (*Viscum*), the dodder (*Epidendron*), *Cuscuta*, and many more.

It has been generally supposed that vegetables were created for the food and use of animals; but, attending to the order of nature, we discover that animals were created for plants.*

Animals preserve, first, a due proportion among vegetals; secondly, they adorn the theatre of nature, and consume all superfluous and useless things; thirdly, they remove animal and vegetal putridity; and, lastly, they multiply and disseminate plants, and serve them in many other respects.

Worms first offer themselves to our consideration; but an invincible obstacle being opposed to our investigating their natural history, owing to a great majority of them being natives of the deepest parts of the ocean, I am obliged to leave this part of my subject untouched.

Insects are the most numerous of the animated ministers of nature, the multitudinous of their species seeming to vie with that of plants. Some of them are always found adhering to vegetals, and, when in the larva state, totally subsist upon them; such are the butterflies (*Papilionidae*), goldchafers (*Chrysomelæ*), plant-lice (*Aphides*), cuckoo-spit-frog-hoppers (*Tettigonia*), and a great many more. It is almost impossible to find a plant not exposed to the ravages of some of these, yet they are all confined to their distinct stations in the same manner as vegetals, which is proved by numerous examples. Every species of insect has the care of a single plant assigned to it, which when it cannot procure, there are a few others which it will prey upon by necessity, to preserve

The care which Nature evidently takes in many instances to preserve different species of animals and vegetables from being totally extirpated, and to keep up a relative proportion in their numbers, renders it extremely probable that it is her general design. But our author labours to establish, that vegetals were not created for the use of animals, but animals to preserve the number and proportion of the species of plants. He supports his opinion more like a rhetorician than a naturalist.—*J. H. E.*

life and perpetuate the species, till a new supply of its more proper and natural food springs up. The caterpillar of the silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*) feeds upon the leaves of the mulberry, but when they cannot be obtained in sufficient plenty, it subsists upon the lettuce and other leaves; but the diminution of its beauty, size, and vivacity, and the inferior quality and quantity of its silk, clearly point out that such food is by no means well adapted to its nature. The leaves of some one species of plant are sometimes the food of one insect, while the flowers, the seed-vessels, and the seed, are the food of so many others; thus, a species of saw-fly, called *Tenthredoscorpularia*, only eats the leaves of the fig-wort; the fig-wort weevil (*Curculioscorpularia*) its fructification; the nut-weevil (*Curculio nucum*) the kernel of wood-nuts, and the *Phalaena strobilella* the cones of the fir.

Every plant has its proper insect allotted to it to curb its luxuriance and multiplying to the exclusion of others; and when the insect is well supported by the discharge of his commission, he lives plentifully and propagates a numerous offspring, but by the failure of his work he languishes and dies. Thus, grass in meadows sometimes flourishes so as to exclude all other plants: here the grass-moth, with her numerous progeny, finds a well-spread table; they multiply in immense numbers, and the farmer for some years laments the failure of his hay crop; but the grass being consumed, the moths die of hunger, or remove to another place. Now, the quantity of grass being greatly diminished, the other plants which were before choked by it spring up, and the ground becomes variegated with a multitude of different species of flowers; but had not Nature given a commission to this little minister for that purpose, the grass would destroy a great number of species of vegetals of which the equilibrium is now preserved. The fig-worm (*Scrophularia*) is eaten by very few cattle, but it affords food to numerous species of insects. Scarcely any beast will touch the nettle, but fifty different kinds of insects feed on it, some of which seize upon the root, while the stem, leaves, flowers, and seeds, are eaten by others; without this multitude of enemies it would annihilate a great many plants. The same holds good in shrubs and timber-trees, especially those which produce spines, and are easily disseminated; the loftier plants being less exposed to the attacks of cattle are the more preyed upon by insects, which appear to be created to restrain the different species of vegetals within proper limits.

But were they permitted to execute this commission in too great a number, and with too much avidity, it would terminate in the utter ruin of their sustaining vegetals, and the total

annihilation of every species; they are, therefore, subjected to certain moderators, that they may increase but not indefinitely. Those insects which subsist upon plants, have others set over them, who devour their superfluous numbers; these insects eat a great many of those which feed on plants, and they abound most where their prey is in the greatest quantity, and exercise their force where it is most wanted. Where the plant-lice find a sickly plant, they spread themselves over the branches; here the *Musca Ribesii*, *Pyrastris*, and others of the same family, assemble and deposit their eggs, which are scarcely hatched, and have acquired motion before they totally destroy the plant-lice; they are likewise aided in this work by the lady-beetles (*Coccinelle*), lace-winged flies (*Hemerobii*), and a species of ichneumon-fly, called *Ichneumon aphidum*.

The *Phakena strobilella*, a species of moth, has the cone of the fir-tree assigned to it to deposit its eggs upon; its young caterpillars coming out of the shell consume the cone and superfluous seed; but, lest they should commit too much destruction, the *Ichneumon strobilella* lays its eggs in the caterpillars, inserting, for that purpose, its long ovipositor into the openings of the cone till it touches the included insects, for its body is too large to enter; thus it fixes its minute eggs upon the caterpillars, which eggs, when hatched, give birth to other grubs which destroy those cone-eating caterpillars on whose bodies they were laid. But lest their destroyers should multiply to the total extermination of the cone-eaters, the *Ichneumon moderator*, another very small species of ichneumon-fly, enters into the cone, and lays its eggs upon the caterpillars of the other species of ichneumon-fly (*Ichneumon strobilella*), which are eventually devoured by the caterpillars hatched from those eggs,—a fact discovered by Dr. Solander.

The caterpillars of the moths which subsist upon trees and herbs, have also other insects set over them; the garden-beetles (*Carabi*) get by night upon the branches of the trees, and devour, according to Reaumur, whatever caterpillars they find. Those who raise fruit-trees cannot practise a better expedient to free them from caterpillars, than to collect those beetles, and to place their eggs at the foot of the tree; for the predacious grubs hatched from the eggs will seek out and devour the caterpillars.

Wherever there is a mass of any putrid matter, certain insects assemble, whose broods devour it, and presently purify the place. Gnats drop their eggs over impure and putrid water,* the *Musca putris* in

mire; the house-fly (*Musca domestica*) in dunghills; and other species of flies lay their eggs in dead carcasses; but lest they should multiply beyond proper limits, some vigilant overseers are appointed above them; as the spider, which weaves innumerable webs upon every bush to catch them; the hornet-fly (*Asilis*) which sucks their blood, and the dragon-fly which catches them wherever he is.

Thus, thousands of different animals are appointed to maintain a proper proportion of things, so that 'no one thing shall be permitted to multiply to an excess. Thus, every thing controls something, and is itself under control.

(*To be continued.*)

together in the figure of a boat, which floats about on the surface of the water, however agitated, until, in due season, they are hatched, when the grubs which they disclose immediately betake themselves to an aquatic life, for which they are very beautifully and admirably constructed. After they have undergone another transformation and have lived a time in this second form, they leave the water for the air.—
J. H. F.

The Public Journals.

LONDON AND ROME.

(*Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.*)

We have known many people who, on the strength of a solitary manor-house, placed in the middle of a few acres of their own land—separated from the rest of the world by an interminable lane filled with unfathomable ruts—have made a point of laughing open-mouthed at an animal called a Cockney. When a person strolls in a majestic park beneath the shadow of old ancestral trees; or even breathes forth a gentle *Hannah* on a spacious lawn; or paces his quiet hackney through “bosky dell and bushy bourne,” he may be excused if he does not particularly envy the condition of the denizens of dingy back parlours in Lombard Street, or up-stairs business rooms in Cheapside. Nay, he may even be pardoned if he cannot enter into the feelings of pride and satisfaction with which they listen to Bow-bell—the sort of personal vanity with which they talk of the Monument and the Mansion-house—for it is apparent to the most superficial observer, that the real Londoner is as proud of the city he lives in as if it were his own possession. He is proud of the height of St. Paul's, the number of the bridges, the noisiness of the Strand, the dirt of Wapping. When the Thames Tunnel is completed, the true Cockney will be the greatest coxcomb in the world. The whole race was intolerably self-conceited for many weeks, because the heroic Green-arsers knocked out a poor old washerwoman's eye with a billy-roller, and carried her head in an omnibus on his knee. The

* This statement, though very frequent in books, is incorrect; for instead of the gnats *dropping* their eggs into the water, they *glue* them very carefully

"country," had nothing to compare with this—the omnibus is a touch of the sublime—and the Cockney rose in his own estimation accordingly. But it is not to be supposed that he has any idea of the superiority of the position of the rural squire. If there is one object more ludicrous than another in the eye of a Cockney, it is a country gentleman. The generally recognised eidolon of the species is an individual about fifty years of age—with a considerable projection in front—red face—loud voice—empty head—risking his neck a hundred times a-day in following a fox—or toiling beneath a prodigious double-barrelled musket to murder a poor hare;—no business in the morning—no bustling streets—no Nassau balloon—no theatre—no *Wauxhall*—no nothing. And such an ignorant fellow too—he does not see the paper till it is two days old! For forty-eight hours the Yorkshire squire does not know in what character Jack Reeve is to appear on Tuesday; and, *a fortiori*, the veritable Londoner despises the inhabitant of more distant regions still more heartily, and all foreigners because they cannot read the *Times*. And this is the only philosophical way we have ever heard the patriotism of the good city accounted for—the said patriotism consisting in a dignified disdain of all other dominions, principalities, and powers. If we must enlist on one side or other, and laugh at the Cockney with the squire, or at the squire with the Cockney, we profess ourselves on the side of the metropolitan. There is certainly something grand in being a unit in the mighty sum that makes up the total of that tremendous whole. We deal with things on such a prodigious scale that our very thoughts become majestic. We—that is, the glorious aggregate—drink three times more port wine every year than all Portugal produces in five, and therefore think very little for our individual share of a couple of bottles a-day. We eat the cattle on a thousand hills, and lunch on a leg of mutton. We exhaust the salmon-fishery of Dundee, and long for whale. We are sixteen hundred thousand, men, women, and children, and we inhabit the greatest, the richest, and the noblest city that the world has ever seen. Babylon was a desert to us—Rome a village; Pactolus a puddle of valueless water, compared to the Thames; and the *Æarium* of the Capitol a beggar's wallet, compared to the Bank of England. Even in the "arts that aggrandize life," according to the phrase of Dr. Johnson—such as cookery and horse-racing—we leave the Eternal City far behind. We would rather dine with Lord Sefton than with Apicius. We have no hesitation in placing Ude above Pompey, and next to Cæsar—not that the field of glory of these three men was the same, but that they are the three

greatest names that occur to us at the moment. Their chaplets must be twined of different materials: laurel for the conqueror of Pharsalia—oak for him who even in his youth was called the Great—and parsley (without butter) for the Admirable Eustache. For what, after all (if we enter into a comparison), were the most magnificent of the Roman feasts (the mere numbers present at them being left out of the question) but ostentatious collections of strange and heterogeneous materials? We cannot, on looking at the bill of fare of a dinner of Lucretius or Vitellius, persuade ourselves that cookery had risen into the dignity of a science. It was not so much the taste, the flavour, the getting-up of the dishes, that attracted admiration, as the vast sum of money they cost. This paltry purse-proud feeling is completely shown in the supper of Cleopatra, who sat in solitary state, and having had the largest pearl that had ever been seen melted by some powerful acid, drank at one gulp the value of eighty thousand pounds. In this species of folly she was closely imitated at Rome, for Pliny tells us that one Clodius, the son of a play-actor of the name of *Æsop*, was so pleased with having swallowed a pearl worth nearly eight thousand pounds, that he invited a large party to sup with him, and gave each of them a similar draught—"Quod Romæ in promiscuum ac frequenter usum venit." Hear this, ye gourmands of taste and sentiment, and rejoice that you are born in an age and country where genius and refinement preside over the cuisine. 'Tis with feelings of mingled indignation and disgust, that, in all the feastings and glorifications of Vitellius, we discover no mention of the cook! This contemptible glutton, who was not enough of a gentleman to be an epicure, wasted in sheer guzzling and gormandizing the sum of seven millions sterling in a very few months after his accession. He dined four or five times a-day, and if he had lived a few years longer would have eaten up the empire. But, besides these house dinners, as they may be called, he used to favour his friends with his company to an intermediate meal, which rarely cost them less than twenty-eight or thirty thousand pounds. Half Rome was ruined by these condescending visits of the Emperor, and the other half killed by over-eating in courtly imitation of their master. We will not degrade the tasteful and gentlemanly dinners of Lord Reay or Holland House by contrasting them with such wholesale ingurgitations as these; but old Brotier, after relating a few instances of this dreadful—dreadful because wasted—extravagance, asks, "At quan ergo opes habebant Romani ut tanto luxui sufficerent?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

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MASQUERADING.

THE word carnival is Italian. The Spanish term is " las carnes tolendas." The institution is most ancient, and is alluded to as *carnis privium* in the Mosarabic ritual. It is a preparation of moral and physical cæsaria, on which the homilies and fastings of Lent are to operate. In despite of the deplorable abuses, it is almost of a religious observance among Spaniards, who cast off dull care and give way to pious mirth as vigorously as any good Pagans.

Even in the days of Ferdinand, when the coward rulers were so tremblingly alive to any assemblage of the people, and apprehended the hatching of plots in balls and festivities, they never dared to prohibit the time-hallowed buffoonery of Barcelona, for Catalonia is the land of the masque. In Spain, these masqueradings are not confined to the period of the carnival; they form part of all public rejoicings, whether the birth of an Infanta, or the celebration of a tutelar saint. Masquerading is to the Spaniard what the saturnalia were to the Roman slaves; it is an outpouring of all the pent-up gravity, decorum, economy, and etiquette—*duce est despere in loco*. All ranks and ages plunge into the temporary delirium with the genuine and boisterous mirth of school-boys let loose to play. That the same feeling prevails in Lisbon may be collected from a remark of the fastidious Beckford:—" Two or three of my servants accompanied my tailor to the *féte*, and returned enraptured with the affable, pleasing manners of the foreign milliners and native nobility."—*Italy and Spain*, vol. ii. let. 15.

At Granada the masquing begins in the day, and it is interesting to behold the city of the Moor and the fairy Alhambra re-peopled with the turbaned Saracen—a very favourite disguise among the Spaniards. At Seville the masquing takes place at night, which adds to the illusion of tinsel dress and painted visor. The pit of the theatre is boarded over level with the stage, and the whole interior thrown open to the public, with a communication continued to some neighbouring *café* or *restaurateur*. The excellence and high breeding of the Spanish character are conspicuous in these moments of freedom and disguise, where liberty, unaccustomed liberty, hovers on the verge of license; there is no excess in refreshments, no violence or rudeness of behaviour, no coarseness of language, no breach of decorum, no offensive remark towards the authorities, who even if unpopular mingle unmasked among the motley crowd. All meet to be amused, and with a sincerity and good-nature that forgives the ever fond display of precaution in Spain, when the staff of the alguazil and the sparkling bayonet of the sentinel would affright timid, innocent mirth,

like the skeleton of the Egyptian banquet. It is a remark of Warton's on the old *Masquerades** of our Henry VIII., that it was no part of the diversion to display humour or character;—their chief aim was to surprise by the exaggerated oddity of the visor, or the singularity and splendour of the dresses. Thus few attempt in Spain to sustain a character; one unvaried question is addressed to all in one unvaried squeak, "me conosces?" (dost thou know me?) always in the familiar *tu*—a question which, when addressed to a stranger, who would not know them without any disguise, is somewhat difficult to answer. These interesting interrogations in the midst of a tremendous squeeze, recall the remark of Madame de Staél on our intellectual London assemblies, "dans vos rôles le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit." It will readily be imagined that there are squeaks and questions which are perfectly intelligible, fraught with wit, pregnant with meaning, and sweeter than the strains of Farinelli himself. Spanish nationality shows itself in the dresses; few characters are assumed unconnected with themselves or their history. They are Romans, Goths, Moors, Spanish knights, Don Quixotes, or arrayed in the picturesque costume of their different provinces, especially the Mujo of Andalusia, a dress, which is hoisting the signal of fun and frolic, of "sal canela y requiebros." A happy trick was played off at Granada on the custom-house officers of the barrier. A party entered on horseback masked, and in the full costume of the Andalusian contrabandistas—and laden with a large cargo; such they really were, and a considerable booty was smuggled into the city undiscovered. No attempt to ridicule anything connected with government or religion would be tolerated, nor is it ever thought of. Among the Romans, even these awe-inspiring† matters were made subject to masquerading mockery. No women are allowed to assume the male attire, which in the days even of Juvenal‡ was infamous. The fair or rather the dark sex generally verify the sneer of Pope—"most women have no characters at all." They are simply guided by what they think the best becoming to their air and figure. Their roguish black eyes which sparkle beneath spiritless, lackadaisical, fixed-featured, varnished masks—and their pretty little feet in embroidered Cinderella slippers, which peep beneath the

* The Pompa of the Romans. Such a masque was given at Madrid in 1833 by the municipality, in which mythological and allegorical subjects were represented by torch-light, in the courtyard of the palace. Mascara by some is derived from the Spanish "mas cara"—plus quam facies. The etymology of *Ducange* is the more probable; from "mase," a witch, to terrify, surprise.

† Apuleius, *Metam.* lib. xi. p. 244.

‡ Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 251. *Deut.* xxii. 5.

deep-fringed *basquina*, cannot, however, be disguised. When the face of woman is covered, her heart is bared; a mask gives courage, and conceals a blush; prudery flings aside her fetter. Their disguises are sedulously concealed beforehand, lest some Marplot should spoil the jest by breach of confidence.

Those who know the town and are known in it, if they can brave a confessional, go unmasked, and meet plenty of good-natured friends, who tell them their peccadillos and "relacioncitas," yet all in a good-humoured way, quite parliamentary, and meaning no offence. Husbands and wives keep sedulously apart, for if recognised together, they would become a butt to the malice of the masquerade, and be informed of all those little family secrets which are so often (and happily) known to all the world, except the parties the most interested. Masquerades given in private houses are conducted with much caution; a confidential friend is placed in the "Zaguán," the door porch, to whom the *Corypheus* of each arriving party, "la comparsa," unmasks, and gives the number of those introduced under his wing, and for whom he is responsible. In spite of all precautions, accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and wolves steal in, in the fleeces of Merinos. Many houses are open to receive masks on the same evening in different parts of the town: the company go from one to another, with tambourines, castanets, and guitars, dancing, and singing, "quien canta sus males espanta," frightening and vexing the dull ears of the owls, who are never to be amused. Those who are "at home" provide no manner of refreshment, unless they intend to be covered with glory, "salir muy lucido;" space, light, and a little bad music, are sufficient to constitute a "función de carnaval," to amuse these merry, easily-pleased souls, and satisfy their frugal bodies. With those who by hospitality and entertainment can only understand eating and drinking, food for man and beast, such hungry proceedings will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. These matters depend much on latitude and longitude. The stomach faints and the spirits flag in our dull, damp, chilly, sea-coaly country, the renowned land of beef, beer, and liberty. "Liberty (according to a very great authority) is a poor substitute for a fine climate," and we will venture most respectfully to add, for a good carnival at Seville.—[From a clever and lively paper on the Spanish Theatre; in the *Quarterly Review*.]

New Books.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

(Continued from page III.)
Lamb at Enfield.

The following letter, written in the beginning of 1830, describes his landlord and landlady, and expresses with a fine solemnity the feelings which still held him at Enfield.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

" And is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton stage? There are not now the years that there used to be. The tale of the dwindled age of men, reported of successional mankind, is true of the same man only. We do not live a year in a year now. 'Tis a *punctum stans*. The seasons pass with indifference. Spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom; autumn hath foregone its moralities,—they are 'hey-pass repass,' as in a show-box. Yet, as far as last year recurs,—for they scarce show a reflex now, they make no memory as heretofore, —'twas sufficiently gloomy. Let the sullen nothing pass. Suffice it, that after sad spirits, prolonged through many of its months, as it called them, we have cast our skins; have taken a farewell of the pompous, troublesome trifles, called housekeeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers at next door with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield. Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock; with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quietists,—confiding ravens. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams, I am in Fleet-market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. O! never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I would gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snoring of the Seven Sleepers; but to have a little teasing image of a town about one; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half-a-dozen apples and two penn'orth of overlooked gingerbread for the lofty fruiturers of Oxford-street; and for the immortal book and print-stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show

picture is a last year's Valentine, and whether the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled, — (marry, they just begin to be conscious of Red-gauntlet;) to have a new plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral ! The very blackguards here are degenerate ; the topping gentry stock-brokers ; the passengers too many to insure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping, too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet-street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter, is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country ; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles's. O ! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country any thing better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns,—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions. From my den I return you condolence for your decaying sight ; not for any thing there is to see in the country, but for the miss of the pleasure of reading a London newspaper. The poets are as well to listen to ; any thing high may, nay must be read out ; you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor ; but the light paragraphs must be glid over by the proper eye ; mouthing mumbles their gossamer substance. 'Tis these trifles I should mourn in fading sight. A newspaper is the single gleam of comfort I receive here ; it comes from rich Cathy with tidings of mankind. Yet I could not attend to it, read out by the most beloved voice. But your eyes do not get worse, I gather. O for the collyrium of Tobias inclosed in a whiting's liver, to send you with no apocryphal good wishes ! The last long time I heard from you, you had knocked your head against something. Do not do so ; for your head (I do not flatter) is not a nob, or the top of a brass nail, or the end of a nine-pin—unless a Vulcanian hammer could fairly batter a 'Recluse' out of it ; then would I bid the smirched god knock, and knock justly, the two-handed skinker. Mary must squeeze out a line *propriâ manu*, but indeed her fingers have been incorrigibly nervous to letter writing for a long interval. 'Twill please you all to hear, that though I fret like a lion in a net, her present health and spirits are better than they have been for sometime past ; she is absolutely three years and a half younger,

as I tell her, since we have adopted this boarding plan.

" Our providers are an honest pair, Dame W — and her husband ; he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow-bells, retired since with something under a competence ; writes himself gentleman ; hath born parish offices ; sings fine old sea songs at threescore and ten ; sighs only now and then when he thinks that he has a son on his hands about fifteen, whom he finds a difficulty in getting out into the world, and then checks a sigh with muttering, as I once heard him prettily, not meaning to be heard, ' I have married my daughter, however,' takes the weather as it comes ; outsides it to town in severest season ; and o' winter nights tells old stories not tending to literature, (how comfortable to author-rid folks !) and has one anecdote, upon which and about forty pounds a year he seems to have retired in green old age. It was how he was a rider in his youth, travelling for shops, and once (not to balk his employer's bargain) on a sweltering day in August, rode foaming into Dunstable upon a mad horse, to the dismay and expostulatory wonderment of innkeepers, ostlers, &c., who declared they would not have bestrid the beast to win the Derby. Understand, the creature galled to death and desperation by the gad-fies, cormorant-winged, worse than beset Inachus' daughter. This he tells, this he brindles and burnishes on a winter's eve ; 'tis his star of set glory, his rejuvenescence, to descant upon. Far from me be it (*dui avertant*) to look a gift story in the mouth, or cruelly to surmise (as those who doubt the plunge of Curtius) that the inseparable conjuncture of man and beast, the centaur-phenomenon that staggered all Dunstable, might have been the effect of unromantic necessity ; that the horse-part carried the reasoning, willy nilly ; that needs must when such a devil drove ; that certain spiral configurations in the frame of T — W — unfriendly to alighting, made the alliance more forcible than voluntary. Let him enjoy his fame for me, nor let me hint a whisper that shall dismount Bellerophon. But in case he was an involuntary martyr, yet if in the fiery conflict he buckled the soul of a constant haberdasher to him, and adopted his flames, let accident and he share the glory. You would all like T — W —.* [] How weak is painting to describe a man ! Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure, which, like the sceptre of Agamemnon, shall never sprout again, still you have no adequate idea ; nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favoured in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo—indicative and repository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses—still you have not the man.

* Here was a rude sketch of a gentleman answering to the description.

Knew you old Norris of the Temple? sixty years ours and our fathers' friend? He was not more natural to us than this old W., the acquaintance of scarce more weeks. Under his roof now ought I to take my rest, but that back-looking ambition tells me I might yet be a Londoner! Well, if we ever do move, we have incumbrances the less to impede us; all our furniture has faded under the auctioneer's hammer, going for nothing like the tarnished frippery of the prodigal, and we have only a spoon or two left to bless us. Clothed we came into Enfield, and naked we must go out of it. I would live in London shirtless, bookless. Henry Crabb is at Rome; advised to that effect have reached Bury. But by solemn legacy he bequeathed at parting (whether he should live or die) a turkey of Suffolk to be sent every succeeding Christmas to us and divers other friends. What a genuine old bachelor's action! I fear he will find the air of Italy too classic. His station is in the Harz forest; his soul is be Goethed. Miss Kelly we never see; Talfourd not this half year: the latter flourishes, but the exact number of his children, God forgive me, I have utterly forgotten; we single people are often out in our count there. Shall I say two? We see scarce any body. Can I cram loves enough to you all in this little O? Excuse particularizing.

"C. L."

The Gatherer.

Jonathan's Last.—Mr. B., of Nashville, has in his possession an oyster, which is so tame that it follows him about like a dog.—*American Paper.*

Isle of Wight.—The produce of the Isle of Wight is in greater excess over the amount of its population than any other equal portion of the Queen's dominions. Upon an average, there is corn enough produced in the island in one year to maintain the inhabitants and visitors for seven; while of lambs alone, between 7,000 and 8,000 are annually sent to the London markets.

George Coleman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook—"O yes," was his reply, "Hook and I (eye) are old associates."

The Classics.—The directors of the Edinburgh Academy, in a late report state a somewhat curious circumstance—that of late years a melancholy prejudice against classical education has arisen in Scotland.

Proper Pride in a Dog.—A gentleman, a good shot, lent a favourite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds, which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned

away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.

Propagating Apple Trees.—A new plan for increasing plantations of apple trees has lately been carried into extensive practice by the horticulturists of Bohemia. Neither seed nor grafting is required. The process is to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground leaving but an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot while it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually grows up and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit without requiring to be grafted. Whatever may be the success of the undertaking, its novelty at least is an inducement to give it a fair trial.

A Slight Difference.—A St. Louis paper says, that the anthracite coal found lately in Missouri looks like coal, feels like coal, and smells like coal—all the difference is, that coal burns, and that will not.—*American Paper.*

A Miser.—An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with the hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing one day, a hint to that effect made the following speech:—"Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and as do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I gives is nothing to nobody."—*Thomas Hood.*

Sir Michael Faraday.—In a late No. we noticed the respect paid to the fine arts by the knighthood conferred on Sir R. Westmacott; and it is with equal pleasure we record a similar honour done to science in the person of Mr., now Sir M. Faraday. He had previously received high consideration from the universities and from government, and it was only fit that the crowning acknowledgment should come from our young Queen.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Nassuck Diamond (see page 73) with the diamond earrings presented by the Nabob of Arcot to the late Queen Charlotte, and the brilliant brooch purchased by Emanuel, brothers (p. 74, lot 22), have been sold to the Marquess of Westminster, and presented by him to the Marchioness on her birth-day.

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